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AFE IN SOUTH DAKOTA, the President dutifully set about his fishing and has been abundantly photographed. It must be considered good politics, or his publicity staff would have vetoed it. To our simple minds, however, it would seem that even a Presidential Izaak Walton ight be permitted to wear a soft collar. The correspondnts and the photographers agree that Calvin Coolidge fished a stiff, starched collar, and in his office coat and vest. We nderstand that the Coolidge economy program is such that enator Norbeck had to buy him horses and the poor State South Dakota had to pay $10,000 for the private Presiential telegraph wire and $30,000 to get the lessees out of ie President's hotel. The War Department, Frank Kent ays, provides the Coolidge cars. Is there no State, Senator, department willing to donate a Presidential khaki shirt?

T IS A MISFORTUNE for the peace of Europe that the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations should ave adjourned without taking any action as to the many rench troops which are still garrisoned in the Rhineland—any more than the Germans maintained in their own garsons prior to the war. It was one of the unformulated nsiderations of the Locarno pacts that these troops should e reduced or altogether taken away, but nothing has been one after a year and a half of the much-vaunted Locarno pirit. It is not merely that the presence of these troops is an affront to the peaceful people of this section, eight and one half years after the surrender; their being there not only gives rise constantly to most unhappy incidents, but it enormously handicaps the development of these communities which have to bear the burden of supplying quarters, brothels, barracks, parade-grounds, and target-ranges for the use of the troops. Germany has to pay for the upkeep of these forces, which further handicaps the recovery of the Reich and its power to pay indemnities under the Dawes Plan. At each meeting of the Council Herr Stresemann has begged for relief, but in vain. Once more he has had to return to Berlin empty-handed, which makes his position at home infinitely more difficult, as does Poincaré's attack upon Germany in his address at Lunéville—one of his old speeches charging bad faith on the part of the Germans. He acts as if he were trying to bring about the fall of Stresemann and the strengthening of the Nationalist and militarist crowd.

S. PARKER GILBERT, the Agent General for Reparations, has been so generous and just in his dealings with the German situation that one must take seriously the charge in his report of June 10, treating of the results of the first nine months of the third annuity year, that the increasing German governmental expense jeopardizes the execution of the Dawes Plan. While giving full credit to the German Government for good faith, he declares that German expenditures, including payments to states and communes, have risen sharply, that expenditures exceed revenues, and that only borrowed money balances the Reich's budget. At the same time he points out that the essential stability of the budget remains unimpaired, and reports a steady increase in the Reich's income despite the tax diminution. The budget for 1927-1928 calls for a total expenditure of 9,100,000,000 marks as compared with 7,200,000,000 in 1924-1925 and the military and naval budget has grown in four years from 458,000,000 to 700,000,000 marks. He emphasizes the fact that his warning is as much in the interest of the economic development of Germany itself as in that of the Dawes Plan. Private advices assure us that there is a wholesome improvement in the spirit of the whole German people of late. Anything that would check this would be a misfortune, and we trust that Mr. Gilbert's friendly warning will receive the immediate attention of the government of the Reich.

IRELAND IS STILL IRELAND. It's agin the government. The Free State elections gave 47 seats to the Cosgrave Government party, 44 to De Valera's Republicans, 22 to Thomas Johnson's Labor Party, 11 to the Farmers, 14 to members of three lesser parties, and 15 to out-and-out independents. Two-thirds of the members, however, are reckoned pro-treaty, and De Valera's followers may be counted out if they keep their word and refuse the oath of allegiance to the King without which they may not sit in the Dail. Mary MacSwiney's party, for which De Valera was too mild, almost disappeared. Ireland, plainly, is in a divided state of mind; as why should it not be? With the die-hards in the saddle in London, a majority for De Valera might well have

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meant a return to civil war; Michael Cosgrave's dictatorial methods have lost him the popularity which his real achievements might otherwise deserve; and the result is that the Irish voters have turned to independent-minded individuals. This of course makes it difficult to form a Government, but in the long run the new balance of power may give Free State politics a reality which they have hitherto lacked. One may admire the idealism of the Republicans and sympathize with their detestation of the imperial bond; in present circumstances Ireland needs their political cooperation.

SOUTH CAROLINA has come out for fundamentalism. With Governor Richards on the board of trustees, Winthrop College has removed from its faculty Professor William Garner Burgin because he has taught evolution in his classes. The Columbia (South Carolina) *Record* declares that the fight began in a trustees' meeting last February, when it was charged that Professor Burgin was an atheist. When he was discovered to have been a Baptist preacher in Pasadena and teacher there of a men's Bible class of 300 students, it became necessary to scratch around for other grounds for dismissal. Anonymous letters were sent to students asking for information on their professor's conduct:

> Do you know of . . . marks, teaching, or bad influence exerted by Mr. Burgin at Winthrop? If so will you send a letter stating these facts to Governor Richards, who is chairman of the board of trustees. . . . If you know any other girls who can give facts and stand by them, especially in regard to improper remarks to them on sex teaching, please have them write immediately by special delivery. Please do not mention this until after Tuesday. Gossip or hearsay will not do. Facts which girls could absolutely swear to, if necessary, are very important. . . .

It is a pleasure to record that to this scurrilous and underhand attack more than eighty students replied in the most forthright terms, completely repudiating the charges made against Professor Burgin and bitterly denouncing the letter and the method of sending it. Presumably, since he requested the answers, they went to Governor Richards. It is to be hoped he found them pleasant reading. At all events, he was not deterred from completing the removal of Professor Burgin, and he announced moreover that South Carolina was not going to tolerate in its schools any departure from the strictest adherence to Bible doctrine.

MANSLAUGHTER IS THE CHARGE of which two New Jersey State policemen have just been found guilty. These were the leaders in the midnight attack on the Meaney farmhouse in Ludlow in December, 1926, which resulted in the death of Beatrice Meaney and the crippling of her brother. We hope that this will be a lesson to the police. But they will still be armed "in order to preserve law and order in the community," and some of them will still discharge their firearms recklessly and disastrously, without stopping to investigate. The citizen without arms will suffer accordingly from this "protection" afforded him by the "law." The Meaney trouble arose out of the complaint made to the S. P. C. A. that the Meaneys were mistreating their cattle. Two agents went to investigate, accompanied by a constable. Meaney declared they did not state their errand, that he had a large sum of money on the premises, and that he ordered them off the place at the point of a shotgun. Evidently the police took this as a joyful summons to a battle. Trooper Larsen began hostilities by shooting Meaney in the knee and then went to sur mon reinforcements. When the engagement ended at dav Beatrice Meaney was dying on the kitchen floor, Jam Meaney was wounded, and Timothy was rendered harmle by tear gas. The house was riddled with bullets. A han some victory for the police, to be sure; the conviction the two troopers is a handsomer victory for the public a the good name of New Jersey.

THOSE CHEERFUL SOULS who lay all our troubles immigration will find little comfort in a report ju issued by the Charity Organization Society of New Yo City. "Usually," the report reads, "the public assume th the foreign-born are our chief concern. Such people w be surprised to learn that of the foreign-born under o care only 5 per cent had been here less than five yea This disproves the idea that it is the most recent immigra who needs help and guidance." This study was based on examination of the 3,891 families aided, a majority cor prising native-born whites. Despite our much-vaunt prosperity, 41 per cent were brought into the purview of t society by reason of lack of employment. The avera weekly wage for the male head of the family was $27.4 for the woman worker only $12.94. Rents, it appears, a still increasing in the metropolis, for the average month rental proved to be $23.96. One by one the stock arg ments against the immigrant are being disproved. Th will not, however, affect those who are swayed wholly b passion and prejudice in this matter. Is not the chairm of the Immigration Committee of the House of Represe tatives declaring that within ten years no immigrant w be permitted to land in America?

THE PARDONING OF ANITA WHITNEY by Go ernor Young of California reflects the greatest cred upon that official. Convicted under the criminal-syndicali act lately held constitutional by the federal Supreme Cou she, one of the most public-spirited women, faced a ter in the penitentiary merely because of membership in t Communist Party, no overt act being charged against he Governor Young rightly declares that the syndicalism a was intended to apply only to organizations plannin violence or terrorism, and that there were abnormal co ditions surrounding Miss Whitney's trial (the post-w hysteria). He also pardons her because all the eviden showed her law-abiding and opposed to all violence. W warmly congratulate the Governor and the State California on this decision.

FOR ALL HIS IDLE THOUGHTS Jerome K. Jerom who has just died in England at sixty-eight, wa hardly an idle fellow. Railway clerk, actor, teacher, an stenographer before he turned to journalism, his first li erary success was with American editions on which he r ceived no royalties. In those days of copyright piratin it was possible for American publishers to take the enti profits from a sale of a million copies—such as Jerome "Three Men in a Boat" had—without the author receivin a cent. Jerome was vastly more than a humorist, as "Th Passing of the Third Floor Back" will recall; he was a eternally good-humored humorist, which is rare. He b lieved in a Quakerly Christianity (as that play showed), i the power of human character to awaken response in othe human beings. So believing, he could not join the war-tim

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rews of literary haters, and some of his finest later writing ound expression in the Labor Party's *New Leader*. He had n him something of the rollicking spirit of the Mr. Dooley f a quarter century ago; and reform causes everywhere, lways over-serious and alarmed, need such tolerant, undis- nayed foolers.

DR. HENRY P. WALCOTT'S RETIREMENT, because of age, from the Corporation of Harvard University, n which he has served for forty-seven years, must not pass nnoticed in these columns. A distinguished physician, Dr. Valcott became an Overseer of the College in 1887 and vas appointed a Fellow in 1890. Twice during his long eriod of service, in 1900 and 1905, he was acting president f the university during long absences of President Eliot, vhose devoted lieutenant he always was. A wise and far- ighted counselor, Dr. Walcott's modesty has prevented ade- uate appreciation of his devoted labors for the advance- nent of Harvard University and of university education verywhere. More than that, Dr. Walcott has been one of hose great unofficial statesmen with whom America is lessed in richer measure than is generally understood. That appears from the fact that he is an ex-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society and the American Public Health Association, head of the American Academy of Arts nd Sciences, and a trustee of the Carnegie Institution. Long hairman of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts eneral Hospital, he was also president of the International ongress on Hygiene and Demography in Washington in 912. In addition, Dr. Walcott has rendered inestimable ervice to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as chairman f its Board of Health—he has written portions of every nnual report of this State board since 1882—and as chair- nan of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board, which as done so much to beautify and sanitate the neighborhood f Boston and to supply pure water to the people. Fortu- ate are a university and a State which have had the ervices of such a citizen for so long a period.

The British Menace

THE bloodhounds are loose again. With Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, cracking the vhip, the dogs of intolerance are baying all around the vorld. Ernest Marshall, London correspondent of the New ork *Times*, deserves the blue ribbon.

> The Moscow murderers [he writes] have put themselves beyond the pale. They have shown themselves to be the mad dogs of the world, whose extermination [*sic*] is a necessity for the well-being of the rest of the community.

)ther correspondents and statesmen and near-statesmen elp in the same chorus. We seem, for the moment, to be ack in the howling days when every German was a baby- illing Hun, or in that post-war Silver Age when the *Times* nnounced the death of Lenin and a new Russian massacre t breakfast every morning.

The Russians have had their own outburst of terrorism. heir nerves apparently frayed by the attacks upon them in eking, London, and Warsaw, and by Sir Austen's attempt o unite Europe in a new crusade against them, they have one back to the time-honored Russian system of political xecution. Of course the Riga and London and Warsaw tories of wholesale executions are propaganda lies; but the facts admitted in Moscow are bad enough. Twenty Russians accused of various counter-revolutionary machinations —many of them of spying for the British officials in Russia —have paid the death penalty in Moscow and Leningrad, and there have been other executions in Odessa and elsewhere. Soviet Russia, after almost ten years' existence, ought to be beyond such Oriental methods.

But it would be amusing if it were not tragic to see the British Tories holding up their hands in horror, and their international propaganda army marching forth on a holy crusade of protest. It is not so long since British Tories cheered General Reginald Dyer, who gave the order that murdered 300 Hindus in the market-place of Amritsar; these same pious gentlemen cheered for joy when Chiang Kai-shek, without even the formality of a trial, butchered 300 Chinese Communists; they make every excuse for the obscene brutalities of Mussolini's Italian terrorism.

The effort to rouse the world to a new anti-Russian frenzy is, of course, just another chapter in the history of the British Empire. The Chinese Revolution has already damaged British prestige throughout the East; the thought of its possible effect upon India makes any imperialist shudder. And, since Britain dare not strike directly at the Chinese, for fear of rousing even greater disturbances, she strikes at the Russians, who have dared to sympathize with and aid the Chinese movement of national liberation. Hence the sensationally staged Arcos raid, the break in Anglo-Russian relations, Sir Austen's desperate effort at Geneva to convert the League into a new Holy Alliance, this time directed against revolutionary Russia as a century ago the monarchs united against revolutionary France.

Like the Russians whom they denounce for it—like all governments indeed—the holier-than-thou men of Britain lie and spy. In the House of Commons on May 30 Commander Kenworthy asked the Foreign Secretary whether any of the anti-Russian documents printed by the British Government were seized in the Peking raids. Sir Austen answered "No, sir." Mr. Kenworthy asked, then, how documents which passed between Moscow and Peking were obtained? Sir Austen declined to reply. "Are we to understand," Kenworthy persisted, "that that part of the Trade Agreement which referred to mutual abstention from propaganda and interference has been broken by His Majesty's Government?" Such an idea, Sir Austen said, was "absolutely contrary to the facts"; but Kenworthy asked: "If that is the case, how is it possible for communications passing between Russia and another foreign country to get into the hands of the right honorable gentleman without such interference?" "That is the question," came Sir Austen's weasel answer, "which I have respectfully declined to answer—and I again decline, on the grounds of public interest"—a virtual confession of guilt.

Such is the man—and the government—who denounces the Russians! Fortunately, this man's effort to persuade all Europe to join him in formal expression of moral indignation at Russian propaganda has met difficulties. France and Germany resisted it; Poland feared, naturally, that it would aggravate her strained relations with Russia. When British pressure was at its tensest M. Briand became opportunely ill. No one, so far as is reported, suggested a joint denunciation of Britain's anti-Russian propaganda. Yet the British have already killed the spirit of Locarno; even Mussolini has hardly done more to revive the war spirit in Europe than the die-hards of Tory England.

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The Naval Proposals at Geneva

THE tripartite naval conference which began its sessions at Geneva on June 20 took a leaf out of the book of the Washington Conference and opened its program with definite proposals on the part of the American and British delegates. The United States offered to extend the 5-5-3 battleship ratio adopted at the Washington Conference for the United States, Great Britain, and Japan to cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, and to limit the cruiser tonnage to 250,000 or 300,000 for the United States and Great Britain and to 150,000 or 180,000 tons for Japan with 10,000 tons as the maximum per ship. For destroyers the offer is: 200,000 to 250,000 tons for America and England, and 120,000 to 150,000 for Japan. For submarines, the proposal is: 50,000 to 90,000 for the Anglo-Saxon countries, and 36,000 to 54,000 for Japan. Promptly W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, the spokesman for Great Britain, proposed that the future size of battleships be reduced from the present limit of 35,000 tons to 30,000 tons, the life of the battleships be increased from 20 to 26 years, and that the rights of the three Powers under the replacement tables agreed upon at Washington be waived. He also proposed limiting the size of all future cruisers to 7,500 tons and their armament to six-inch guns after an agreement is reached on the number of 10,000-ton cruisers which the Powers will build under the Washington agreement. The Japanese delegation made a straightforward proposal to this effect: "None of the conferring Powers shall, for such period of time as may be agreed upon, adopt new building programs or acquire ships for the purpose of increasing its naval strength," which is good as far as it goes, but merely prevents increased competition.

These seem to us good but timid proposals, so far from revolutionary that it would seem as if they should be accepted with only a few days of discussion. The American proposals contemplate the extension of the principle of the absolute parity of America and Great Britain on the sea, and the limitation of Japan to three-fifths of their respective fleets, so that there can be no question of any armament competition between these three Powers hereafter. Mr. Bridgeman's program goes further, in that it opens up the question of the Washington agreement and proposes its modification as noted above. That will undoubtedly be deplored; it is probably not wise to take up the Washington agreement in any way lest there be a reexamination, perhaps for the worse, of the rules there laid down. It is the more questionable because the other naval Powers which signed at Washington are not represented at Geneva, except that France and Italy have "observers" or "informers." There should be no excuse given to France or to Italy for disregarding the conclusions of the Washington Conference as Mussolini is already threatening to do. Again, Mr. Bridgeman's proposal of six-inch guns only for cruisers and their limitation of cruisers to 7,500 tons is bound to cause considerable outcry. Indeed, the mere suggestion of this limitation has already called forth from navy maniacs of the William H. Gardiner type emphatic protests and assertions that this is merely a clever trick on the part of Great Britain. Since she has the greatest fleet of merchantmen of 7,500 tons or more, and merchantmen cannot be armed with guns heavier than the six-inch, it is argued that she has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the decrease in cruiser size and by the use of six-inch guns. There will also be a protest against the proposal that the United States should scrap more tonnage than Great Britain and Japan. Secretary Wilbur has just assured the graduating class at the Pennsylvania Military College in advance of the publication of his superior's Geneva plans that there will be no further scrapping of American ships in consequence of an international agreement. Mr. Butler, chairman of the House Naval Committee, approved this disloyal sentiment.

For ourselves, we confess to disappointment that a program just outlined by Commander Kenworthy, himself a naval officer of distinction and a member of the British Parliament, was not offered by his countrymen at Geneva. He would stop the building of all kinds of battleships and proposes the reduction of the 10,000-ton limit for cruisers to 6,000 tons. Under the Treaty of Versailles no German cruiser may exceed this size—a fact which we fear has played some part in the decision of Mr. Bridgeman, or rather of the British Government, to suggest 7,500 tons for cruisers. We regret, too, that the United States did not lead off with a demand for the total abolition of all submarines instead of merely favoring it if all the nations agree to it. We cannot believe that, if Japan, Great Britain, and the United States were to announce their willingness to do away with this vessel of war, an international agreement to that effect could not be obtained from all the other maritime Powers. An English expert, Arthur H. Pollen, writing in the American *Foreign Affairs* for July, declares that the submarine is useless and especially so against its main enemy, the battle fleet; hence he asks the two Anglo-Saxon countries to renounce both the submarine and torpedo.

We regret the absence of these more vigorous proposals at Geneva especially because English public sentiment has shown itself to be remarkably ready for far-reaching action to reduce her present naval burden, the Japanese delegates to Geneva seem to be in a better spirit even than they showed at Washington, and we believe our own countrymen to be ready for radical changes. None the less, on the principle that even a quarter of a loaf is better than no bread, we shall be thankful even if the American proposals alone are adopted. Many of our American radicals and liberals felt that the Washington Conference was a fraud and accomplished nothing but limiting the numbers of obsolete battleships. We have never shared that viewpoint and can cite the remarkable decrease in the familiar campaigns to stir up naval rivalry and fear between the United States and Japan as proof that the Washington Conference did bestow far-reaching benefits upon the world. Since then the navy maniacs have spent their time in portraying England to us as the enemy and in making such charges of trickery and deceit against out former ally as Mr. Gardiner has just voiced again. Along that road lies war, not disarmament or peace. We trust that public sentiment in America which seeks the limitation or the abolition of armament will at once make itself felt and ask of our delegates and of President Coolidge who directs them that we go beyond our proposals and abolish the battleship, the submarine, the torpedo, and even the naval airplanes. The churches must now be heard if they desire worthwhile results at Geneva.

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Musicians and Their Jobs

THREE recent happenings should help to dispel the pessimism of those who believe that the tremendous increase in the production of musicians threatens near-starvation for those of lesser talent. Foundations like the Juilliard and the many schools of music now being established, it has been said, are beginning to let loose upon the country a flood of mediocre musicians, as well as numerous first-class artists. This, together with the flight to America of high-grade performers from all the impoverished countries of Europe, has been cited as meaning that the world of music is being overpopulated. But here comes the appointment of Walter Damrosch as consultant in all musical matters to the National Broadcasting Company, the engagement of a great violinist at $5,000 a week to play in the newest Broadway movie house, and the selection by the Metropolitan Opera Company of six more young American artists. These are highly significant happenings, for they foretell new and far-reaching opportunities, especially in connection with the latest developments in the entertainment field.

The radio has, of course, widened the sphere of symphony orchestras as well as of jazz players. If the latter have benefited most so far, that must be set down to pioneer conditions. At least with Mr. Damrosch guiding the greatest of the broadcasting companies and himself doing yeoman service lecturing on orchestral music over the radio, the possibilities for the higher branches of music of that marvelous invention begin to appear. That movie producers should feel the need of the best talent is equally striking. Some of their orchestras are remarkable for their brilliance as well as their size. They are giving employment to more and more musicians who may in time be graduated into the best orchestras, and for them some of the new organizations are bound to be formidable rivals.

As for the Metropolitan Opera's absorption of more American singers, that, too, is all to the good, and so is the development of undertakings like the Eastman school of opera at Rochester. The tremendous growth of classical orchestras in this country in the lifetimes of men and women in the early fifties is bound, we believe, to be paralleled by the development of opera companies. In the field of the soloist there seems to be no real evidence of an oversupply of artists. Faster than they can increase grows the taste for first-class music, and with it musical understanding and appreciation. In our colleges and universities the music departments are no longer sneered at as fads to be relegated to the private "conservatories" of our cities. If many of the popular boarding schools are still lagging, Mr. Damrosch testifies that he has been fairly swamped by letters of gratitude from those in all parts of the country who for the first time are able to hear not only a modern orchestra, but an explanation of the program. These same multitudes will also listen to worthy soloists. Chamber music, too, comes yearly more into its own.

But it is in the field of teaching that the opportunities of the musician remain the greatest. The art has to be handed on, the best methods developed, on-coming talent recognized and aided. In fact, the fear that there will be a surplus of musicians is as needless as the periodic dread of a surplus of doctors and professors. It is not their numbers which are to be watched but their quality and the character of their instruction.

"The Woodhull"

FEW occurrences could illustrate more sharply the speed at which we move than the death, on June 10, at Norton Park, Tewksbury, England, of Victoria Claflin Woodhull—Mrs. John Biddulph Martin, as she had become. Fifty-five years ago Victoria Woodhull's name was on every tongue and in every newspaper. She and her sister, Tennessee Claflin (later Lady Cook, Marchioness of Montserrat), were not merely famous—they were notorious. They had come to New York from the Middle West in the late sixties and opened a brokerage business in Broad Street. Women were unknown in business in that day. There were no typewriters or telephones, and no respectable office employed any females except as scrubwomen.

Victoria Woodhull and her sister were not only capable; they were beautiful, which was anything but an asset. By following the counsel of Commodore Vanderbilt, they made over half a million dollars in Harlem Railway operations, and established a journal, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, with their earnings. Tennessee Claflin ran for Congress, and in 1872 Victoria Woodhull was nominated for the Presidency on a ticket with Frederick Douglas, the great Negro orator, and she made a rousing campaign of it. Both ladies wore what were then regarded as short skirts, and bobbed their hair. They lectured and wrote in favor of woman suffrage, more liberal divorce laws, birth control, dress reform, and the economic and social independence of women, and they were promptly termed "free lovers" for their pains. On January 11, 1871, Victoria Woodhull appeared in person before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, to argue that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution granted women the right of suffrage, since women were plainly citizens—an ingenious thesis that, had it been accepted, would have saved a vast deal of trouble and expense in securing the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment half a century later.

It was in connection with the famous Beecher-Tilton case, however, that Victoria Woodhull achieved a notoriety that carried her name to the ends of the English-speaking world. She and her sister had been bitterly assailed by Henry Ward Beecher's two sisters, Catherine Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and in retaliation Victoria Woodhull printed, in *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* of November 12, 1872, a detailed account of the relations between Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Theodore Tilton. The publication created a tremendous sensation, and both ladies were promptly thrown into prison by General Tracy, Mr. Beecher's personal attorney, who was also United States District Attorney at the time, on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails. They were acquitted—but Henry Ward Beecher was not. Financially ruined, broken in health and fortune, persecuted by Beecher's partisans, both women left the United States forever and made brilliant marriages in England.

Almost every reform for the advocacy of which Victoria Woodhull and her sister were so bitterly attacked has long since become a commonplace. But on the day that Victoria Woodhull died, David Gordon, a young Communist, was sentenced to an indeterminate term of imprisonment, up to three years, for writing a cheaply but harmlessly obscene poem entitled "America," which was printed in the *Daily Worker*.

Progress, frequently, is more apparent than real.

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Lindbergh and the Army and Navy

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

COLONEL WILLIAM MITCHELL is anathema to many people. To them he is a "kicker"; a chronic fault-finder; a "publicity grabber"; a man who "went back on his own crowd"; who "bit the hand that fed him." Just now he has denounced the navy's attempt to take Lindbergh into its camp and has therefore again earned the abuse inevitably showered upon one who seeks to reform an organization not quietly from within but through outspoken public criticism. He has just been described by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore D. Robinson, as "a man who, on the face of it, doesn't know what he's talking about, and, if he did, couldn't tell the truth about it, anyway"—a retort not unexpectedly hot when one reads it in connection with Colonel Mitchell's assertion that "it is the saying now 'Join the navy and see the world, but join the naval aviation and see the next world.'" His real offense, however, is that he calls attention to the deliberate efforts of the navy—and he might have said the army, too—to annex all possible glory for Lindbergh's flight.

Colonel Mitchell points out, in a letter to the Washington *Post*, that the dominating navy crowd has tried to conceal the fact that as far back as 1921 the airplane maneuvers showed that battleships were useless because of the development of aviation. He declares that "the naval propagandists still hedged behind the cry that airplanes could not fly across the seas," and that "they were successful in preventing service pilots from doing it." When, however, the civilian Lindbergh flew across the sea the navy knew that his flight would be a tremendously powerful lever for the aviation group in Washington, "because the use of the airplane, an economical instrument, would cut down appropriations for battleships, save money for the taxpayers, and sea-power would become secondary to air-power." They had, of course, done nothing whatever to forward Lindbergh's flight or anybody else's, precisely as they did nothing to aid Commander Byrd, a retired naval officer, in his flight to the North Pole; precisely as they had sent the gallant and unfortunate Commander Rodgers on the Hawaiian flight without giving him adequate gasoline to carry him through, and then made such faulty arrangements that although Commander Rodgers stayed afloat for nine days the navy could not find him until he drifted ashore. Colonel Mitchell even charges the service with having brought about this brave officer's death through letting him fly when he was not fit to do so, and directly asserts that the deaths of sixteen naval fliers in and about Hampton Roads within thirty-five days are due to the incompetence and inefficiency of the men directing naval-aviation affairs.

As to this, Colonel Mitchell may or may not be correct—he sometimes mars his case by exaggerated statements. He is, however, absolutely right in pointing out that the navy sought at once to claim Lindbergh for its own. Lindbergh's return on the cruiser was ordered by the President, against the young man's wish. As he neared the Capes navy and army aviation squadrons were ordered out to greet him. The military crowd was not idle. They had him promoted to colonel in the Army Reserve; then General M. M. Patrick, head of the army aviation, announced that a specially picked aviator would fly over the Memphis and dr a new colonel's uniform, and Major General C. C. Hammo of the Militia Bureau officially wirelessed him to wear it the ceremonies in the Capitol. Every effort was th made to give a military character to the recepti celebration. Army, navy, marine corps, and National Gua units were, according to press reports, in line for this bc who had no connection with military affairs except a ca taincy in the aviation of the Missouri National Guard—a most an honorary title. Then Lindbergh was compelled the committee to perform that singular rite now expect of every distinguished visitor to Washington, namely, lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, thou what the Unknown Soldier had to do with transatlan flight is hard to see. At the tomb there was mounted a mi tary guard of honor to salute the Minnesota boy aviato he was conducted to the spot by a brigadier general in f uniform, with all his medals. He was then rushed out the Walter Reed General Military Hospital and agonized the sight of some of the horribly mutilated victims of t war—precisely as if he were an English or French fiel marshal, just back from the war, and not a young pos office aviator. When the scene of action was transferred New York, the entire National Guard of the city, so 10,000 men, was paraded in honor of this civilian aviat The crowds were not demonstrative when the troops passe they were not there to see a martial display, but to greet plain American youth, who had the good taste and go sense not once to wear the brand-new colonel's uniform, b stuck to his blue serge suit. More than that, the army r cruiting posters have everywhere declared of Lindbergh, "t army helped to train him"—a partial but misleading trut

There is intrinsic evidence that much pressure w brought upon Lindbergh to emphasize the military and voice preparedness propaganda. He did not say a word use to the militarists until his speech of June 15, at luncheon in New York, when he declared that aviation pr paredness would help to prevent war, and that the men w could best be transformed into military pilots were civili fliers with long experience—a mild enough statement. N once has he referred to himself as colonel; up to this wri ing, he has not even acknowledged his promotion to th rank. In no speech did he refer to the military turnou for him; military strutting is obviously as far remov from his makeup as it could well be. According to his pi tures, he has refrained from wearing any of his medals, day or by night. But that has not prevented Admiral Bu rage from announcing that he will make a determined effo to have Lindbergh transferred from the Missouri Nation Guard and army reserve to the navy, so that the navy m have the benefit of his counsel and advice, which, of cours it did not seek before his flight, and which, if it were the Colonel Mitchell variety, would lead to his being imm diately damned by the military and naval cliques in Was ington, which dominate those services. As a matter fact, while Lindbergh said that the air corps would nev take the place of the navy, he described the sinking of battleship and dwelt upon the cheapness of the operatio

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ven if half the attacking fliers were killed, saying that a attleship could be sunk by aviators for one-fifth or one-enth of its cost. He made it clear that he did not believe hat anti-aircraft guns could protect a ship, which is ex-ctly Colonel Mitchell's position.

Thus far the exploitation has gone. The real signifi-ance of the whole thing lies in the fact that this military nd naval propaganda is unceasingly at work. *The Nation* as just commented on the fact that some of the motion-icture magnates have been made commissioned reserve offi-ers, and that the War Department has not contradicted the ssertion that in return the motion pictures are to be used nore than heretofore to aid military propaganda. At the ummer training-camps for civilians, and those of the eserve Officers' Training Corps the straight-out military octrines we used to call Prussian are being taught. The cabbard and Blade, an R.O.T.C. organization, publishes egularly attacks upon some of the most prominent people in the country, such as Senator Borah, ex-Governor Sweet of Colorado, Senator La Follette, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson; John Dewey, Zona Gale, and many others, and is charging them with being Communists and dangerous citizens—unrebuked by the War Department. The alliance of the War Department with the big-business organizations is open and above-board, and is justified on the ground that in the next war to end war all industry must pass into the hands of the government—communism with a vengeance!

The American public is singularly unaware, and singularly indifferent, to this determined militaristic propaganda, which often takes the form of attacking anyone who dares to speak the truth, of breaking up meetings, interrupting speakers, etc. If the Lindbergh episode and Colonel Mitchell's comment on it have helped to open the eyes of some persons to what is going on, it will not be the least of Lindbergh's great services to his country.

Poor Me and Pure Boston

By UPTON SINCLAIR

EVERYBODY admires "Lindy" because he does not talk about himself. I wish I could follow the same charming practice in telling about Boston and its censorship, but unfortunately all I know about it is what it has done to me.

Behold me, therefore, an author who had been known most of his life as the prize prude of the radical movement; a man who can say that he has never told a smutty story in his life, and who was once described by his former marital partner, through the newspapers of the civilized world, as "an essential monogamist"—a very old-fogyish thing to be. I am the author of some thirty books, and a Boston police magistrate has decreed that the last one "manifestly tends to corrupt youth." Let me say at once that "Oil!" is no different in this respect from any of the others. Judged by the Boston method, they are all equally vicious. They are being read throughout the rest of America and in other civilized lands, and Boston alone thinks they are obscene.

It is rather a joke on an author—sitting at his typewriter at home, engaged in work upon a book denouncing what he considers the really obscene writers of his country and time—to have his labors interrupted by a telegram advising him that his own book has fallen under the ban. I am happy to be able to say that I was not calling for the police, but for the moral forces of society to make war upon true obscenity. I wrote that "every time you get a censor, you get a fool, and worse yet, a knave, pretending to be a guardian of morality while acting as a guardian of class greed." And now the Boston censor has arisen to provide me with the proofs!

How does it work here? An Episcopal clergyman stopped me on the street yesterday and told me he knew the man who made the complaint to the police about "Oil!" The clergyman gave me his name, and added: "I have suppressed two reports damaging to his moral character." It is, you see, the old story of "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The next step, under Boston practice, is that two detectives are sent to a bookstore to buy the book about which a complaint has been made. In this case they chose a bookseller who has the hard luck to be only a few doors from the courthouse. They bought the book from Mr. John Gritz, a clerk, who happens to be only twenty years of age and the nearest approach to a cherub that you can find wearing trousers.

The book is then turned over to an inspector. He is a busy man, and his business isn't reading. Here is a book of something over a quarter of a million words; naturally, he says, "What the hell?", passes the book to a clerk in his office, and says, "Hey, Joe, here's a juicy one." I am telling this not as a fiction writer, but as one who has been hanging round the courthouse for the past week, listening to the men on the inside gossiping about what did actually happen.

Next, "Joe" takes the book home and marks the passages which he thinks corrupted his morals. The book is returned to the inspector and he reads these passages and says: "Holy smoke, here this guy has a girl say to a fellow that she knows how to keep from having babies." Boston is 70 per cent Roman Catholic, you understand, and the percentage prevails in the police department. So the inspector goes before a magistrate, and the magistrate takes the book home overnight, and reads the marked passages. If he is an especially fair-minded man, he may have an impulse to read the whole book; but the law does not require him to do so. The law provides for the condemnation of a book "containing" anything, and under the governing decision only the passages complained of are required as evidence. "You are not trying any book except this," said the trial judge in a charge which the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upheld, "and only such parts of this as the Government complained of. . . . It makes no difference what the object in writing this book was, or what its whole tone is." The test is whether it contains, anywhere, anything "manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth." You can see that this confines modern writers to the juvenile department, and makes it impossible for them to write for adults.

For my part, I am not going to be bound by this limitation. I believe that grown people have experiences and needs which have to be dealt with in fiction. I will not

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deliberately corrupt anyone, of course, but if young people read my books they will learn what is going on in the modern world; also they will learn what I consider to be the cause of this moral breakdown, the presence of parasitism and exploitation in our society—the fact that a class of idlers are permitted to have enormous wealth without doing anything to earn it.

In the case of "Oil!" there are 527 pages, and the police object to nine; that does not seem to indicate an abnormal interest in the sexual aspects of life. The first scene they object to begins on page 193, and anyone who buys the book looking for obscenity—a great many people are now doing so—will find it rather slow in starting. There are four or five pages about a "petting party," and that is very bad, according to the Boston police; but on the other hand there are twenty-six pages about how to lease a tract of ground for a drilling-site, and really that does not seem to be giving undue emphasis to the "petting party" aspects of the life of a young "oil prince."

Of course, when a born preacher like myself puts such a scene into a novel, it is for a purpose. I am showing my young "oil prince" groping his way out of the customary life of his class and into a better one. The next time he is invited to a "petting party," he does not go—because he is looking for a better kind of love. Curiously enough, I was rebuked by the reviewer of *The Nation* for these little preachments. "To inject a paragraph of moralizing into the piquant incident of Mrs. Thelma Norman's attempt to be seduced in Bunny's cabin is absurdly priggish." I had hoped that what displeased *The Nation* reviewer might help me out with the magistrate, and I took a copy of the review to court, but alas, I was not allowed to show it, or to say a word. It can never be introduced, under the law, nor can the "petting-party" scene be judged in the light of what comes after, what lessons are drawn from it, what repudiation it meets with from the author and the hero later on in the book. Speaking strictly, I may get such testimony in if the Superior Court sees fit to admit it, but the court is under no obligation to admit it, and if it declines to do so the Supreme Court will not call it an error: such is the governing decision, brought out by a trial of the novel "Three Weeks."

I wanted to be the defendant in this case, instead of the cherubic Mr. Gritz. But alas, the police department of Boston does not want me. Mr. George E. Roewer, the unwearying defender of unpopular causes in Boston, approached the authorities with the customary proposition for a test case with a minimum fine upon conviction, but it appears that the police consider the birth-control utterance of my flapper, Eunice Hoyt, especially bad, and I am to go to jail for a year if they can get me. What I am going to do I will not say until after I have done it, but I can assure you I am not going to spend a year on Deer Island.

It is obvious that under this law very little standard English literature can be sold. Consider Smollett or Fielding, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Ann Veronica." Or consider Shakespeare and the Bible. One of the newspapermen here tells me that the public is sick of Shakespeare and the Bible, because every publisher of a book, obscene or claimed to be obscene, always proposes these tests. Nevertheless, poor Boston will have to go on hearing about it, until it changes its laws so that these two books can be legally sold and so that modern writers may be free to produce great literature if they can. I have called a meeting at Byron Street House, headquarters of the Community Church of Boston, for the morning of June 16, and I am there going to read the very offending passage of Act III, Scene ii of "Hamlet," and offer this book to the police at bargain prices. Then I am going to read the quite horrible piece of obscenity in Genesis 19, 30-38, and see if the police will buy that.

POSTSCRIPT—JUNE 16. *I offered a copy of the Bible to the police this morning. They would not buy it. I sold it to a Boston rationalist of very high moral standards who is distressed by the thought of how such a passage will corrupt youth and promises to appear before a magistrate and demand a warrant for my arrest. I then offered the police what they thought was a copy of "Oil." I did not say it was "Oil." All I did was hold it up before the audience. The police bought it and notified me to appear in court tomorrow. Then they examined the volume and found they had bought the Bible bound in a cover of "Oil." They demanded their money back, and I was too polite to keep it. The only way to fight this law is to make a monkey of it.*

JUNE 21. *At last I have found a policeman willing to buy a copy of "Oil" and have sold him one.*

Earth Horizon

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

> Earth horizon
> And all your peoples
> May your thoughts come to us.
> (Rain Song of the Giant Society, Sia.)

AMERICANS still go to Europe in search of ancient civilization. Yet there exists, within four days and nights of New York, a living American civilization as archaic as that of Egypt and much more primordial than that of Greece and Rome. The frame of the Southwestern country is vast and crystalline. Nowhere is rock so naked or so crudely stained with the record of geologic ages. Nowhere is the fluidity of water so visible as in this great dry desert which it has sculptured. One travels in the wash of dead seas. On these mottled ridges of shell pink, rolling endlessly as breakers, the very sand is pungent, for the sun has scorched the hoary elbows of the cedars into a black and fossil growth. The whole land floats in prismatic light. Mesas riven with wine-dark voids stand level above deep valleys below the folding peaks. And here, suddenly looming against striated cliff or cobalt mountain, one notes amazedly a town-built outline. A terraced outline, solidly hewn of red Southwestern stone, or molded from the substance of this earth horizon, the Pueblo village appears a monolith secreted by time itself. That is fitting. For its square plazas have preserved, as by some special magic, a race of brown men hung with turquoise, whose lives move in a rhythm that swings back to the ancient world.

When the rhythm breaks through the marble crust of winter one sees these brown Pueblo people, their hair tied

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ı queues, their bitten Mongolian faces fixed in a grave nd self-sustained remoteness, riding over the barren ridges ɔ share an invocation to fertility.

Soft, soft, still, still, in the sunken plaza, moves the 'ueblo woman, her head proud under its blue tablita, her are toes just stirring the dust in measure. Bold, bold, ree, free, moves the Pueblo man, hurling his agile whitened nees, and the coyote skin trembles on his cotton-girded ɔins. Side by side, pounding out the cadence on the drum f earth, winding a long dark coil of two's backward and orward in the glare, while the gray Delight Makers, clap-ing striped pot bellies, stroking striped lank bellies, thread nd leap their way between. The earth is a resonant skin, tretched taut over eternity. The air is a hot cloud that nocks the sun with burning motes. Water, water, where s water? Piñon boughs shaking, black hair waving, dull lrums booming, silver and wampum and turquoise rattling, ong white banner fluttering its eagle feathers, dipping its ɔollen of parrot feathers over each dancer in turn.

Come rain, come rain
Corn grow, corn grow.

The cry, urgent, deep throated, flows far into the egendary world where the Pueblo psyche has its home.

The man who summons rain to music kills wild beasts vith prayer. He counts his months by moons and reads ime by the stars. A common adaptation to the earth norizon, its contours, creatures, and seasons, has given him, n spite of marked tribal differences, a common spiritual ast. The men of northern Taos are tall and strange, they walk alone, and their feet and their long braids have the spring of the animals of the forest. The men of San Ildefonso, intrenched among Spanish and white folk in the Rio Grande midlands, are courteous, sad, accustomed on the streets of Santa Fe. The men of Santo Domingo, untamed and colored by their southern desert, move their hips like cats in a column of dust, scallop their buccaneering chests with shells inlaid from a mine of lost treasure, and greet the stranger with fierce, primeval stare. Yet, judged by the standard of a culture, such diversity is inessential. Tanoans or Keresans, Zunis or Shoshonean Hopis, separated by sand and snow peaks as well as by barriers of tongue, are easily discernible as one family. And though their civilization is in fact the highest which America, north of Mexico, has evolved out of native elements, they appear alike exotic on the soil that produced George Washington.

But why, after all, should a man who owes his origin to a foam cap fertilized by the sun; a man whose great-great-grandfather was born deep in the cave wombs of the earth mother, and led up to the brightness of his father the sky by the twin brothers of light—why should he resemble you and me? Once they had reached the familiar crust of earth, so the Zuni creation myth tells, the twin saviors, the Elder and the Younger Brother, divided the Pueblo people into two great seasonal groups, those of Winter and those of Summer, under which were ranged the matriarchal clans, according to their totems. So divided and instructed, led by their priests, who had become the Fathers of the people, they journeyed seeking the Middle of the World. There they now dwell forever.

From the peaked hilltop in the Tesuque Valley where I have raised a flat New Mexican roof tree, I look straight into one of these "Middles," these ancestral hives in which the Pueblo culture was nurtured in prehistoric times. Midway of the soaring Jemez Mountains—the western boundary of the Rio Grande Valley—the Mesa del Pajarito thrusts forward like a table, over the alluvial sweep of the plain. Rock walls splashed with polychrome tints hang above, and drop sheer to the irrigated fields of the Tewa Pueblos. The Tewa village names, save for Tesuque and the more remote Nambé, have a Spanish-saintly ring: San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso. Yet for all their Spanish Catholic borrowings these Indians rightly claim direct descent from the Ancient People who hollowed their homes in the sunny face of the Pajarito canyons. On the high plateau are hundreds of stone ruins, immemorial, overgrown with sage and sheets of yellow flowers. Most of them unscratched by the archaeologist. Many scarcely known even to Indian sheep-herders. Yet this discarded shell of vanished communal life is but one link in a vast chain of cliff, valley, and mesa dwellings, now deserted and crumbled, with which present Pueblo life is continuous. From Colorado into Mexico, from the eastern rim of the Grand Canyon to the western edge of the Great Plains, the Pueblos once built stone houses and raised their crops of corn. The fabulous outline of the Mesa Verde cliff palaces, roofed by aerial ledges, the exquisite curve of the Puyé cliff on the Pajarito, with its simpler form of cave dwellings, represent to the Pueblos of today, as truly as the fallen cities of Greece or Sicily to their modern heirs, the ancestral heart of a living civilization.

Indeed it amuses me to think, as I sit in the "dry and spotted place"—so, in the Tewa tongue, the Indians have named Tesuque—that within thirty miles of me lie just such beauties as I have sought on the older continent. The imponderable brilliance of the air brings them within touch of my hand. There, spread out in the sun and wind and silence, tenanted only by butterflies and dazzling lizards and circling bats, are citadels that teemed in pre-Columbian days. Puyé, Otowi, Tsankawi, Navakwi, Tcherege. Sky-pitched sites that Delphi cannot rival. On the Pajarito even the ant hills are heaped into pyramids, formed out of quartz crystals, matrix of gold. And under hard-burned earth, below the empty cave houses, gleaming white and topaz pink, are hidden uncounted jars and bowls of antique shape, ornamented in black and red, like the jars of Crete. Here are key patterns, hatched or swallow-tail triangles, diamonds, zigzags, dots, parallelograms, arranged in bands; here are awanyus, those curious hand signs or serpent signs, set in whirling figures; here are sun symbols, life symbols, including tortoises and dragon flies, not to mention the enormous array of prehistoric birds, stylicized into three straight tail feathers and a delicate button hook of a head. Stone idols, hidden in little niches, animal fetishes with turquoise eyes, dark with the blood of the victim, plumed serpents, coiled in adobe circles on the rock; pecked and painted pictographs of hunts, where mountain goats leap high before the spear; stone pumas carved life-size in shrines: these are some of the treasures of the Pajarito.

One thing more. Here, deep in the burial places, are mummies. Mummies of men and women with their hands tied to their thighs with ropes of hair, yucca sandals on their feet, with painted jars and shell beads packed about them. Further west and north, below the ruins of the cliff people, have been found the entombed mummies of a still earlier folk, who have coiled baskets of fine weave inverted over their heads and behind their backs. In the graves of these Basket-makers are new-born babies, strapped to their woven cradles, with their bast diapers and umbilical pads, all complete. Sometimes there are even curly haired dogs lying with their masters.

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Beside the dead of the Ancient People, through all this shining desert, one finds an invariable offering. Just as the Pueblo storehouses shelter, in their piled cells, one parti-colored crop; the earth-beaten plazas one timeless ceremonial; the wrinkled hands of old men one supernal commodity; so do the Pueblo graves hold the Seed of Seeds. The Divine Maize, as the Aztecs called it. No ornaments of gold attend the antique farmer to eternity. But search among his bones and you will always find one pointed symbol of fertility, that lies pregnant still in the wine-stained dust, below the stone-ribbed mountains: an ear of shriveled corn.

A Chinese Warlord

By RANDALL GOULD

Peking, May 1

A FIRST meeting with the "Mukden Warlord" Chang Tso-lin is always a shock. Surrounded by all the ornate atrocities of a Chinese ceremonial room, one awaits the arrival of the *ta jen*, or great man, with growing nervousness and a conviction that this famed ex-bandit will prove a physical prodigy.

When, in place of the robust, saber-clattering, uniformed giant imagination had pictured a meek and smiling little man in Chinese robes steals into the room, it requires a moment to adjust one's mental sights to the new objective. And from that time on the visitor must go through a series of readjustments of various kinds.

Marshal Chang, drawn to Peking from his native Mukden "to cooperate with the foreign ministers in saving China from Bolshevism," talks in terms of nations but continues to think in terms of provinces. Anyone who has spent half an hour with him knows this. The Strong Man of Mukden has improved his propaganda vocabulary but he is using the same old brain—shrewd, keen, but sharply limited.

In a crowd of a dozen foreign correspondents, all but one of whom were English or American, it took the Marshal twenty minutes to decide what language the Continental European spoke when he asked questions through his own private interpreter. Finally, in the midst of a question, the Marshal laid down his cigarette-holder and bent forward with the look of a pleased and precocious child. "Ah—*Fa Gwa jen!*" ("Ah—you're a Frenchman") said he, and settled back content. The episode was significant, not of the Marshal's lack of intelligence, but of his lack of experience in dealing with foreigners. He is a clever man. In the aggregate he has met many foreigners. But during the greater part of his long life he has lived simply, surrounded in his native Manchuria by his own people and his own problems. He has not traveled abroad, he speaks no language other than his own—and but a simple dialect of that—and now, in the declining years of his life, he is trying to grapple with great international problems which he views with an amused tolerance and with no conception of their magnitude. His mind is still adroit in dealing with matters in old fields, but it is no longer flexible enough to wrap itself around new problems propounded by the foreigner.

Certainly Marshal Chang—or those near him—knows the things which will sound impressive when cabled abroad. The interpreter confers with him for a moment, then proclaims with unction:

> The Marshal says that he will protect the lives and property of all foreigners. He holds himself personally responsible. No foreign troops are necessary for defense of foreigners in North China.
>
> It is the wavering attitude of the Powers which has helped the South. The Powers have not heeded the Marshal's advice, they have negotiated with the Cantonese, they have yielded step by step.
>
> Bolshevism is the great menace in China. The Chinese people do not hate the foreigner. But Soviet Russia desires to destroy the foreign trade and the very existence of the British and Americans in China.

During all this the Marshal has seemed quiescent, almost indifferent; he glances about from time to time through half-shut eyes, but beyond an occasional show of earnestness he plays the traditional inscrutable Oriental to the life. Direct questions he evades. In precisely what cooperative act can the Powers join, since their troops are not wanted in North China? Ah, that is something which is not quite settled as yet. Something may be said about that later.

But let mention be made of some specific military move—a recent victory or even a recent defeat. Immediately the Marshal is all attention. Gesticulating and interrupting the interpreter, he goes through the entire story. His hearer must understand exactly where each body of troops was located, and how the unexplained defection of General So and-So, coupled with the regrettable absence of General This-and-That at the crucial moment, resulted in a collapse which will speedily be repaired and the enemy driven back with heavy losses. This is the sort of thing which interests the Marshal.

To question Marshal Chang on international events is to waste one's breath. He knows nothing of the outside world. He knows nothing of the art of government, and says as much frankly. Politicians he despises as meddlesome time-wasters of no value to practical men. Action, military action, that is what the Marshal understands, and as he talks one forgets his frail figure and the softness of his handclasp and begins inevitably to think—hackneyed though the figure be—of a keen and sagacious old fox bearing toothmarks of many a fight.

And, watching this fox, one thinks in turn of the directing figures of the Cantonese. One thinks of Eugene Chen, whose carefully chosen phrases in the most perfect English bite like a blade; one thinks of the Russian High Adviser Borodin, massive, a scholar, an engineer, builder of nations. In the feudal North of China there is animal intelligence, but in the South there is the brain of modern man. Here, perhaps, is an answer to the Chinese puzzle.

In the Driftway

THERE are two types of writers which the Drifter wishes into the old isolation camps of Shredna Kolymbsk. They are the pun pests and the alliteration addicts. Very shortly now, the Drifter is going to have constitutional amendments passed against these. He hereby notifies the anti-tobacco and anti-bobbed-hair advocates that he has the Twentieth and Twenty-first amendments reserved. Let them concentrate on the Twenty-second, if they must. For long the Drifter was undetermined with which of these to begin. And then he discovered a volume called "Alliterative Aphorisms. A Thousand Themes for Thorough Thinkers." That decided the Drifter. The alliterationists come first.

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THE Drifter can put up with an alliterationist that can smile at his own folly, as, for instance, Swinburne. After he had perpetrated "the lilies and languors of virtue and the roses and raptures of vice," he could parody his own weakness: "From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous moonshine." There is hope for a man like that, and the Drifter promises in advance that he will get under way a petition for mercy for any such person falling under the ax through his amendment. But no mercy will be shown to any writer guilty of the atrocities found in "Alliterative Aphorisms." Judge for yourself. "Feminine fondness for fiction, foolish fads, frothy foods, flimsy fabrics, flippant flirtations, and frivolous friends finds fruition in the full-fledged flapper." Here's another gem: "Maidenly modesty, manifested in mild manners—minus mercenary motives—meets a manly mate, and makes matrimony and maternity more than a mere modern myth." So much for the women; now the politicians. "The panacea promised by politicians—promoting partisan plans, not patriotic purposes—proves a poor palliative for the perturbation of the public." And then we can learn about religion. "Supine submission to sacrilegious sophistry of a self-styled sage—seeking salvation through science—is a sure sign of spiritual sickness." On and on, this madness goes for almost a hundred pages. The alliteration amendment will be the Twentieth without question.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Prosecutor's Duty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You ask my view upon the proposition that

> A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, or *whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove.*

It is obvious to me that a prosecuting officer should not call as a witness any one in whom he has no confidence, meaning by that, no confidence in his truth-telling capacity, and, by the same token, a prosecuting officer in such case is not called upon to tell defense counsel about a witness of that class. No one wants to hear witnesses who are not telling the truth.

When it comes to a case, however, where a prosecuting officer knows of an important witness whose testimony contradicts the theory of the prosecution, he is not required by any canon of ethics with which I am familiar to put this witness on the stand as his own, but he should give to the counsel for the defense the name and address of this witness. When a prosecuting officer brings a case into court he obviously is intending to prove guilt. He rarely knows whether guilt exists or not, but in solving that perplexity he is certainly not required to call all of the witnesses who are witnesses for the defense and thereby make them his own witnesses. He goes to the limit of his duty if he advises defense counsel of the existence of these contradictory witnesses.

Nothing, of course, could be more reprehensible than for a prosecuting officer to procure the conviction of one whom he knows to be innocent. As the American Bar Association has declared:

> The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict but to see that justice is done. The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible.

To put it another way, the prosecuting officer shall deal fairly according to the circumstances of the case; he should satisfy himself, to the best of his ability, that in presenting his case he is not perverting justice; but it is impossible to lay down the rule that he must try both sides of the case or present evidence which he believes incredible, or present a witness whom he deems it his duty to discredit.

New York, June 6 CHARLES H. STRONG

A Catholic President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement of the death of the son of Marshal MacMahon, second President of the French Republic, naturally recalls the latter's sensational retirement in the middle of his term. President MacMahon, as a loyal member of the Roman Catholic church, felt it incumbent upon him to resign when the policy of the French Government clashed with that of the Vatican.

That was all he could do. What, and how much, he might have done to help the Vatican thwart the French Government if he had had the political power which, unfortunately, our President has through his appointive power, each of us must determine for himself.

Anyone who imagines that Alfred Smith, in like circumstances, would fall short of MacMahon in devotion and obedience to his church is greatly mistaken.

New York, May 25. BENJAMIN MACMAHON

The Catholic Conscience

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Governor Alfred E. Smith's creed as stated in his reply to Mr. Marshall did not reach the fundamental issues on which objections to his being President rest. He said: "I believe in absolute freedom of conscience for all men" and "I believe in the absolute separation of church and state and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

A fundamental problem involved in these statements is, Who makes the conscience? Conscience is assumed to be something that is correct and intelligent, therefore to be obeyed. But this is not so. Conscience is merely a man's imbedded opinion, and that opinion depends on how he was brought up and trained and who or what trained him. It is an entire fallacy to say that conscience has inalienable rights—often it has none.

The Catholic church aims completely to form the consciences of its members, in this way making the authority of the church instinctively supreme, so instinctively supreme that ultimately it will be the deciding factor in all important questions.

How does the Catholic church plan to create a conscience of this kind in its members? By giving them the education that will create it, and excluding all other education. From infancy to maturity the Catholic church proposes to exercise total supervision and direction of all persons' development. By this process it can manufacture in its members the kind of conscience it wants for regarding the church as sovereign over the state.

No other church attempts this as the Catholic church is doing by its system of parochial schools and church colleges. The remedy is to forbid sectarian education of children before the close of their sixteenth year, thereby eliminating parochial and convent schools.

Boston, May 27 MORRISON I. SWIFT

See Pages iii, iv, and v

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Books and Plays

To Emily Dickinson

By HART CRANE

You who desired so much—in vain to ask—
Yet fed your hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest—
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,

Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!
O sweet, dead Silencer, most suddenly clear
When singing that Eternity possessed
And plundered momently in every breast;

—Truly no flower yet withers in your hand.
The harvest you descried and understand
Takes more than wit to gather, love to bind.
Some reconcilement of remotest mind—

Leaves Ormus rubyless, and Ophir chill.
Else tears heap all within one clay-cold hill.

The Old New York Stage

The Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University Press. Volumes I and II. (To 1821.) $17.50.

THE early American theater was too provincial in the literal sense of the word to afford a very attractive field for either the philosophical historian or the critic of art. Its earliest professional actors came from England, and at least until the nineteenth century was well advanced it did little except to follow a few steps behind the taste of London. The companies, which, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, made theatrical entertainment a fairly regular feature of New York life, brought with them the English repertory of the time and the works of the more important new dramatists were added not long after their success in London, but the drama here has little history which is not the history of the drama abroad. At the beginning of the new century the, to us, incomprehensible vogue of Kotzebue broke over New York as it had over England, and a few years later the absurdities of the melodrama delighted New Yorkers as they had delighted the patrons of the minor theaters in London, but America can hardly be said to have exhibited any individuality of taste. The theater became both a fashionable and popular amusement; it was called "an elegant entertainment," and as a "school of virtue" it was defended against the attacks of Puritan prejudice in terms borrowed from the current cant of England; but it was long in developing any standards of its own, and for a century at least it seemed, however popular it may have become, a form of expression almost as little natural to Americans as opera is today. As for such examples of the native drama as reached the stage, they were not only notoriously feeble in themselves but strangely lacking in local flavor, even when they dealt ostensibly with the American scene. Early American plays have won collectors, but there are few who would not rather catalogue than read them.

The history of the New York theater is literally, then, a history of the theater, not of the drama, and even there such interest as it has is almost purely an antiquarian interest. Professor Odell has wisely recognized this fact, and in the work here begun he concerns himself almost exclusively with the annals of the stage, which he records with a far greater completeness than has been attempted by any previous historian. A passion for the theater which lends a factitious interest to every fact connected with it has sustained him through laborious researches, and by a more careful study of contemporary newspapers, as well as by a more thorough use of all other available sources than has been made before, he has piled up a mass of facts concerning playhouses, players, and performances which makes his volumes by far the most imposing repository of such information which we have. Not even Genest, the unwearying analyst of a century and three-quarters of the English stage, was more completely indefatigable in collecting casts, and besides Professor Odell extends the limits of his subject to include, during these early years, not only the drama but concerts, waxworks, "monsters," and exhibitions of legerdemain, horsemanship, and juggling as well. All the vain amusements of our ancestors concern him; he requires well over a thousand large pages to carry him from the beginning through the first appearances of Kean during the season of 1820-1821; and, even though the field will doubtless be gradually narrowed, the work, when completed, will probably run to twelve or fourteen volumes.

Professor Odell is humorously aware of the fact that his passion for the minutiae of a record whose significance would be hard to explain to anyone who did not share his interest is a sort of perversity; but the usefulness of such a work is in direct proportion to its completeness, and he is right to include every fact which can be discovered. There is, in a case of this kind, no danger of missing the wood on account of the trees, because there is not, strictly speaking, any wood there. What one wants is the assurance that one will find included any fact which is ascertainable, and Professor Odell's method gives such assurance. Moreover, though only the special student is likely to afford the time requisite for the reading of so vast a work, the innumerable separate facts which it supplies serve to establish that sense of a direct contact with a past epoch which a chronicle gives to those who know how to read it and which is more immediate than that which one receives in reading the account of a historian who has selected and arranged for the purpose of communicating a predetermined impression. The New York stage is not, it may be repeated, a very important part of American history, but in Mr. Odell's hands it does throw a sidelight upon the national culture of the time, and the general effect of innumerable bits of information which he has collected—like, for example, his description of the stage directions for the patriotic spectacle "Bunker Hill," which was performed in 1797, and which President Adams witnessed—is to remind us forcefully of the cultural naivete of a period likely to appear in political history as one of almost classical dignity and grandeur.

In short, "The Annals of the New York Stage" is a monumental work devoted to a subject which is, it must be confessed, of far from monumental importance. No one can help admiring its conscientious thoroughness, and no one is likely ever to find any fault with it, for the simple reason that it is more exhaustive than anybody is likely to demand and, in all probability, more accurate than anyone will ever ascertain.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mutual Misunderstanding

France and America. Some Experiences in Cooperation. By André Tardieu. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

WHAT M. Tardieu has to say about the United States has at least the merit of being informed. Few Frenchmen who write have in recent years known the United States so well, and few retain so few of the well-nigh invincible prepossessions with which most foreign observers approach these shores. His prepossessions, as far as the present work is concerned, are those of a publicist who still feels more of the glamor than of the tragedy of the World War, and who has entirely definite

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inions about what might have happened if the United States ıd been different. As this lets us know exactly where he stands, gives a suitable warning and does no harm. Further, M. ardieu has never been disposed in his writings to praise Amer-a overmuch. He can let his rhetoric run in the French man-er when he chooses, but the substance of what he says shows a nscious and, on the whole, a successful effort to describe things they are. When, accordingly, he drives hard at some cher-hed notions and tears in pieces some consecrated illusions, he evertheless remains a friendly critic, persistently balancing aise and blame.

M. Tardieu does not believe that there has ever been a real ıtente between the United States and France. The whole his-rical development of the two countries, which he skilfully mmarizes at considerable length, appears to him to reveal ndamental disparities of mind and purpose. When the United tates went into the war it was with very little of the exalted otive of a general kind, and with still less of the conviction ıat its national existence was seriously threatened, that counted or so much in French thought at the time about that particular isode. On the contrary, the United States had motives of its wn, and they were, in the broad sense, selfish. America, he sists, is mass-minded; its people regard themselves as the osen of the earth; they are not sentimental, and when the nited States declared war it declared an American war.

Quite naturally, therefore, he emphasizes the profits which ıe United States gained in the transaction. Some of the gain as commercial, some indirectly political, a good deal, at least s a matter of bookkeeping, was financial. France, he hastens o tell us, was selfish, too. It expected, for example, that the merican credits for reconstruction, which it hoped might con-inue after the armistice, would be spent through French busi-ess houses at what were virtually monopoly prices, and it was ggrieved when, that purpose having been discovered, the credits resently stopped. But selfishness on the French side does not ssen the selfishness of the United States; it only shows that ıe partnership in the great game was tenuous and that there as no real entente.

Where there is reciprocal selfishness there is likely to be eciprocal misunderstanding, and misunderstanding plays a large art in M. Tardieu's book. M. Tardieu is not the only French-ıan who knew well enough that President Wilson was never roperly a pro-German, but France believed that he was, and the elief survives there, as it does here. There seems to be reason or suspecting that even M. Tardieu expected the Senate would atify the Treaty of Versailles, but French opinion, neverthe-ss, made the capital mistake, from the point of view of French mbitions, of hoping for Republican success in 1920, notwith-tanding that Republican success meant the definitive rejection f the League of Nations and pronounced hostility to Wilson olicies. The Washington Disarmament Conference, again, ap-ears to M. Tardieu to have operated to the disadvantage of rance without hurting the United States, and he, of course, annot accept the war-debt settlements as just on any save legal rounds. Yet, in spite of all the play at cross-purposes which he book sets out, it also exhibits the veritable riot of extrava-ance which attended the financing of the war with American ıoney, and bestows praise without stint upon the American or-anizations which labored to rehabilitate the invaded regions of rance and relieve suffering and distress.

Having stripped the subject pretty bare of pretense and ne words, M. Tardieu, like certain novelists, seeks to give the tory a happy ending. His book, "a critical essay in search of oming enlightenment," is "also an act of faith." He believes, by reason and by experience," in "the possibility of combined fforts by France and the United States," but he is also "con-inced, and for the same reasons, of the infinite difficulty of uccess." "The twain must meet." The prediction may be ven-ured that the meeting, if it comes, will have little that is for-al about it. The war, whatever its effect in disillusioning France about America, opened American eyes, and no amount of persuasion or propaganda will make it easy to launch the United States into such a slough of ignorance, fraud, and self-seeking again. The meeting will come through a frank admis-sion, such as M. Tardieu himself goes far toward making, of the grievous mistakes that were committed on both sides, and a generous appreciation by each people of whatever is worth while in the culture of the other. The world has been made sick of ententes, but it is still willing to adventure something in the common domains of the mind.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

An Ironical Romance

Saint in Irony. By Lorine Pruette. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

BUT still a romance. For at the end, when St. Genevieve looked back over her life, she could think that the "God-thing in every man," the thing that is "at the heart of every religion," is "the courage of desire." And this is romance. It is the romance of a sophisticated undeceived civilization, almost the only romance left to it, when science has explained its miracles and analyzed its ecstasies and exposed its gods. But romance nevertheless, the romance of youth born into an old world; since desire is fleeting, perhaps more fleeting than any of the gods man has espoused. And to live by the courage of such a will-o'-the-wisp is to live briefly indeed, or at best intermittently. One remembers that phrase about the "durable satisfactions of life" which has been forgotten in the post-war jazz. One remembers the Hindu philosophy of non-attachment to those desires that burn so hotly, but that come and go. And remembering, I find it peculiarly appropriate that the subtle mind which evolved this book should have attributed this crowning romance to the Saint in Ivory who lived at a time that, like our own, felt the once solid earth cracking under it as one after another of the systems by which men had learned to live began to break up. Genevieve and her Parisians were only a step removed from barbarism, they were as hardy and adventuresome and new as America; and yet they were as old and as weary as the Roman Empire, just as America is all smeared over with the nostalgia of an old corrupt civilization.

As I began to read the description of Nanterre on that bright spring morning when Bishop Germain decided to create a new saint—for many reasons: unfortunately and shamefully Nanterre was lacking in a church, and a town with a real saint of its own would be inspired to remedy that defect without delay; and a miracle would not come amiss at the moment that holy Lupus was talking with the citizens of the town about sundry business matters—as I began to read of Nanterre on that bright spring day when Germain, thinking of these and other subtleties, suddenly perceived a halo surrounding the head of six-year-old Genevieve, the naughtiest, most headstrong little mischief in the town, I realized that here was that desirable and rarely found object, a book which one reads for the joy of reading. It was going to tell a story, I saw, and that alone marked it as unusual. For in a real story things happen; and few intellectuals can gird themselves up to the point of letting things happen to their offspring. (I sometimes think that Dreiser's overwhelming preeminence comes quite largely from the fact that he dares to trust his characters to the rude shocks of life.) And these happenings, I discovered, would be told wittily and discerningly, in spite of the disarming simplicity of the prose. And then as the tale progressed and I placidly sipped the honey of new facts, so dear to a generation that makes best sellers of Outlines and of Question Books, I began to perceive that my placidity would soon be ruffled, for Miss Pruette was using the legend of Genevieve to unfold a great human conflict. And so after reading the book blithely for its story and its wit and its knowledge of the obscure impulses of the heart, and for its tolerance and perhaps especially for its zest, I turned back again to read it for its fable and its poetry.

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These are woven into the meshes of the tale, and cannot be torn out for quotation here. But of the various strands it seems to me that the description of the growth of that saint-hood so arbitrarily bestowed on Genevieve at first, and in the end so ingrained in her, is a masterly analysis; and that the relations of the little saint with Gerontia and Julia offer some of the most delightful comedy in the book. Genevieve's saint-hood, it should be added, grew side by side with her love for Euric, and her failure to love the skeptical Childeric, and her bullying devotion to Clovis.

True irony cuts both ways. This is a more deadly attack on the shams of religion than "Elmer Gantry." Yet it leaves one with the knowledge, gained by Genevieve before she dies, and often forgotten by us today in our passion for destroying all old truths every time we find a new one, that all men's impulses are authentic, the religious as well as the erotic; and that evil is "failure to respond to life."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Superior Adolescence

Springboard. By Robert Wolf. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

THERE are those who hold that America makes up for her grudging and even resentful acceptance of genius by her generous hospitality to talent. Certainly, nowhere else are the clever young men and precious young women who enliven literature without enriching it more thoroughly appreciated. But, by and large, theirs have been shoddy books, hastily conceived and badly written, shallow in philosophy and equally superficial in the appreciation of life.

Now comes "Springboard," still smart, still meager, but infinitely superior to the adolescent confessions that have preceded it by virtue of its matter and its style. The author is sensitive to the beauty, and he respects the meaning, of words; if for no other reason, his book can be read solely for the pleasure of poignant phrase and stalwart rhythm thoroughly coordinated with lucid and honest thought. Much thought, as well as the inspiration of genius, has gone into the conception of Brian Hart's drama. In fact, Mr. Wolf has so carefully provided a sustained intensity of interest in the progress of his hero that the skilful compactness with which the incidents of the plot are set down gives an unwarranted impression of bareness. Yet the story is actually rich in detail. The sardonic, almost vicious portrait of Brian's modern motherly mother, the restrained but unqualified description of a petting party, and the unusually impressive recollections of "prep"-school life have extraordinary emotional power as well as intellectual vitality. Mr. Wolf does extremely well with his incidental themes, which are not only fine in themselves but valuable in building up the climax which is reserved for future volumes.

"Springboard" cries to be characterized as the American "Jean-Christophe." But it is far from "Jean-Christophe," although it deserves comparison with Romain Rolland's masterpiece. For, in common with other American authors though less than most of them, Mr. Wolf shuns the detailed consideration of introspective realities. Where M. Rolland pours forth a torrent of eloquence, the American is silent. The latter cannot or dares not make his hero's spiritual struggles articulate. Brian's affair with the passionate young Catholic is a surface incident; so is his struggle against sexual perversion; so the last flirtation with a childhood sweetheart.

This reticence is inexplicable in Mr. Wolf, who is obviously neither inhibited nor ignorant. He deliberately refrains from elaborating his themes even when he hints that he is aware of all their implications. There is nothing laudable in such restraint. Mr. Wolf differs from his American contemporaries precisely in the fact that he is not interested in writing a snappy story, and he may well differ from them by presenting the spiritual content of American life which these authors are neither willing nor able to consider. He sadly underestimates his ow critical faculties if he feels that an expression of his opinion and observations is less desirable than the sophomoric discussions on ethics in the manner of Mr. Fitzgerald which he doe include.

It is a strikingly competent work which avouches, as muc as any first novel can, a genius among American novelists. Thi genius will, no doubt, find its proper medium without critica promptings, yet one cannot resist the opinion that it will b most clearly evinced when Mr. Wolf breaks away from the cu rent American style of presenting the documented details of limited experience and accepts instead that fundamental ar form which is the free and complete expression of powerfu imaginings.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Road to Southwark

Chaucer and the Medieval Sciences. By Walter Clyde Curry Oxford University Press. $2.50.

OUR cliches and catchwords, later-born than the Middle Ages warn us that there's no art to find the mind's constructio in the face, that men's stars are not the masters of their fate and that dreams go only by contraries. Modern psychology reck little of the three virtues of the soul, and physiology of the fou humors of the body. The astrologer has been replaced by th astronomer, the alchemist by the chemist, the herbalist by th botanist, and the lapidarist by the geologist. Today "star-eye science watches round" instead of submitting blindly to th guidance of authority and tradition. Five centuries ago false fiats and formulas, now as defunct as the dodo, not only stalked pompously in the heavy compilations of the scholar who ha taken all knowledge as his province but tried to trip lightly i the verses of the poet, eagerly alive to all that men think an say. Hence medieval science, or what passed as such, must b explored by him who seeks to understand the assimilative min of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Professor Curry has served more than seven years for hi Rachel—which long-wooed lady, by the way, is the medieva symbol of the contemplative life of the student. He is a "verray parfit practisour" in the diagnosis of diseases through horo scopes and images, and discourses disconcertingly on "mansions and melancholia, on "cusps" and cholera. At home in the house of the zodiac, he transports with a sure flight amid signs an stars the irresponsible reviewer, no less dazed and mazed tha Chaucer himself in the claws of the erudite eagle on his winge way to Fame's house. Not Daniel nor any clerk in Chaldea car better expound the lore of dreams, whether phantoms, illusions or revelations. "Atazir" or "hyleg" is to him an open sesam and the seven planets, for good or evil, swim within his ken The pseudo-scientific background of Chaucer's world is interest ingly revealed.

On the relation of Chaucer to that background, on the art ist's treatment of that crude material, Professor Curry is well qualified to speak by his equipment and by his sense of propor tion. He does not forget, in his introduction, that the scientific influence upon the poet is less than the social, literary, philo sophical, religious. Yet every page in the study richly illus trates the strange suction power that genius possesses of imbib ing nutriment in the most unlikely feeding-grounds. If at times our investigator, with all his folios around him, overestimates the subtlety of the poet and the acumen of fourteenth-century readers, he is always provocative, even when unconvincing. The reviewer, perhaps biased by his own interpretation of Chaucer's complex Pardoner, believes that many of the passages ingeniously presented to support the startling exposé of the scoundrel's "shameful secret" might more obviously be pleaded in refutation of this reproach. He doubts, too, whether contemporary readers of the Prologue were sufficiently Aristotelian in their knowledge or Jamesian in their perceptions to follow readily

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aint physiognomical clues inward to the heart of hearts of his or that pilgrim. And once or twice appears a flat misreading of the text, as in the attempts to impute loquacity to the ignified doctor and to ascribe the Summoner's deep bass to the Miller. But these slips are slight. Of the delightful but perplexing adventures of a medievalist the little book is a gratifying record. FREDERICK TUPPER

Heavenly Brass

God's Trombones. By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press. $2.50.

POEMS are not always greater than their faults. Particularly if the faults are structural, such as stereotype and cliche. Not all the thunder of brass and tympani can obscure the insistence of the trite. It is unfair to ask a poem to transcend such epithets as "milk-white" and "jamine breath." But it is to Mr. Johnson's credit that his trombones carry a poetic experience that is convincing, despite the obtrusion of stock phrases and notes. The flaws, I suspect, arise from the poet's honesty; he wished to be faithful to the original sermons which provided the material. But to be faithful does not necessitate linguistic duplication. As a matter of fact, the final success of the poems is due to the recognition of this dictum. Mr. Johnson has retained the original and yet created his own poems. The poet has recognized his essential task, which is the task of every Negro artist utilizing folk or racial material. For his example he has chosen the greatest of the utilizers of native speech and thought, the Irishman John Synge. To comprehend what is meant by "the conversion of the material," one needs but read Synge's record of the Aran Islands and then study in the plays the conversion of the original data. Mr. Johnson has not attained to the ultimate of a Synge, but after all there has been only one Synge. Yet, within the demands of his enterprise, Johnson has accomplished the poetic equivalent to the original material, the Negro sermon. The climacteric intensity, the chromatic harmony, the intonations, the verbal suggestiveness, the moral attack—all have been organized into poems that, being poems, are greater than any one of these elements. That is, there has been complete fusion.

Mr. Johnson says: "I claim no more for these poems than that I have written them after the manner of the primitive sermons." I, however, claim for them their own individuality. They have been written "after the manner," certainly; Synge's speech was also "after the manner." But they were reorganized and converted to their own artistic purposes. Similarly, Mr. Johnson has made from the characteristic sermons his own works. They are all the more characterful for their origin in the characteristic. They are all the more universal for their origin in the racial. HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

China in Brief

Foreign Rights and Interests in China. By Westel W. Willoughby. Johns Hopkins Press. Two volumes. $12.

Of the first edition of this work, which appeared in 1920, just before the Washington Conference, an American editor in China once said: "That book taught the Chinese what the unequal treaties were and where the foreigners had arrived." The editor forgot Dr. Koo's work, but Willoughby's work stands unique, a mine of information, indispensable to the student of China. The new edition, which stretches into two volumes, includes all that was in the first, much material from the author's books on the Washington Conference and on the Geneva opium conference; a fuller account of the history of the Shanghai settlements, and enlarged sections in extraterritoriality. It is still thin in its treatment of Mongolia, Tibet, and the Chinese Eastern Railway.

China: Yesterday and Today. By E. T. Williams. T. Y. Crowell Company. $4.50.

A new edition of an excellent, understanding book, with minor textual revisions and a new chapter on Chinese art.

China: A Commercial and Industrial Handbook. By Julean Arnold. Government Printing Office. $1.75.

A magnificent hodge-podge, intended to tell the American business man in China what to eat, how to seat Chinese at a state dinner, how to sell and how to buy, and including almost as much, as miscellaneous, and as valuable information as the famous "China Yearbook."

The Revolt of Asia: The End of the White Man's World Dominance. By Upton Close. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Close swept through Asia last year and came back, with the sulphur of its eruption in his nostrils, to write an excited, exciting book. As he tells it, the tired white empires are attempting to use America as their only possible savior. A fraternity of the snubbed is turning the tables in its own continent, and there can be no world peace until the white nations resign themselves to mere equality. Right as he is, he would be more persuasive if he were less breathless.

China in Turmoil. By Louis M. King. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

Personality sketches by an intelligent retired British consul.

China in Revolt: How a Civilization Became a Nation. By T'ang Leang-li. London: Noel Douglas. 7/6.

Here, if one would understand young Nationalist China, is a book worth reading. It is passionate; it is partisan; it is prejudiced; but it speaks from the living heart of a flaming revolution. Read Mr. T'ang's chapter on missionaries if you would understand the anti-Christian outbreaks; his whole book expresses the fever heat of the Nationalist movement as no calm scholar, and certainly no foreign observer, could express it.

What and Why in China. By Paul Hutchinson. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. $1.

A sort of child's history of China since the revolution—simple, pictorial, clear, with a minimum of Chinese names and a full dose of sympathy—marred only on a page or two by the conventional missionary acceptance of the split in the Kuomintang as one between "moderates" and "radicals."

Drama

Summary—III

THE season just past has not been a particularly fortunate one for some of the most distinguished and popular American actors. Ethel Barrymore passed the winter comfortably enough in Maugham's amusing but trivial comedy, "The Constant Wife," and her equally famous brother seems to be content with the profitable regularity of movie engagements which leave him no time to sue for the favors of the always capricious goddess who rules over the legitimate stage; but others were by no means so fortunate. Two old favorites, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, made brief, disastrous appearances, and two of the most interesting actresses of a younger generation, Pauline Lord and Alice Brady, spent a restless season, the first being seen only briefly in two unsatisfactory plays ("Sandalwood" and "Mariners") and the latter, after appearing in two interesting but unsuccessful pieces ("The Witch" and "Lady Alone"), being compelled to take refuge in the factitious emotionalism of Bernstein's "The Thief," revived for her. In addition, Mary Ellis, who had so distinguished herself in "The Dybbuk," passed unhappily from an old-fashioned dramatization of

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"Crime and Punishment" to a rather pompous historical tragedy. In general, the most fortunate actors were those attached to the Theater Guild. Under its management, Laura Hope Crews, long recognized as a skilful comedienne, exhibited unexpected powers; Lynn Fontanne gave an especially taking performance of Eliza in "Pygmalion"; and Alfred Lunt created several interesting roles. Indeed, no other actor took, during the season, such good advantage of such good opportunities as did the last-named in "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "The Second Man." Some record should also be made of the admirable performance of Erskine Sanford in a small part in "The Witch" and in the title role of the Guild's revival of "Mr. Pim Passes By."

Such remarks as these do not constitute criticism, but under the present conditions in the American theater it is unfortunately impossible to make important or just analyses of the talents of individual actors. In the old days, when a standard repertory was being constantly played, the performer was the chief object of the dramatic critic's attention, but today he is generally dismissed with an impressionistic judgment, and the reason is simply that there is little opportunity to study his methods or capacity. A player, let us suppose, attracts great favor in a certain part. He plays it for a year in New York and then he takes it for a year (or even, as in the case of Miss Jeanne Eagels, for nearly four years) on the road. When at last he returns here he appears, perhaps, in three or four worthless plays and then is either forgotten or is seen in only one or two really exacting or important roles during the rest of his career. And even if it so happens, as occasionally it does, that we have an opportunity to study him in a number of interesting parts, it is seldom that those parts have ever been played or ever will be played by any other actor—except one of secondary importance who is put in a road company and who imitates the creator of the role as closely as possible. It is not possible to compare different interpretations, to judge of an actor's style by placing his treatment of a given character alongside that of another, or to arrive at any estimate of his power to bring out the latent values of the text. One is left with a general impression from which it is almost impossible to analyze out the actor's part, and one is deprived of that comparison which affords the surest means of determining the value of an interpretation.

I am not wishing for a theatrical fare composed exclusively of revivals. When a drama is active it is necessary that there shall be ample opportunity for the performance of new works. But it is a striking fact that in both England and America the most distinguished actors have flourished during periods when their chief concern was with the reinterpretation of familiar roles. It is when a tradition has been built up around a certain character that the actor is put to his severest test, since he has then both to assimilate the tradition and to display at the same time his power to make some original contribution to it. It is also under such conditions that acting as a separate art is best understood and best appreciated by an audience.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Dutch War Resisters

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

Amsterdam, May 31

OF all countries in the world Holland has the longest and most consistent record of resistance to military rvice. Only in Australia and New Zealand has there been comparable struggle by the youth of those lands. The ht in Australia has been won; in New Zealand it is apparntly being won now. In Holland there is not at present a elihood that compulsory training will be abolished, but e anti-militarist movement has deep roots and a signifince in relation to the working-class that is almost wholly cking elsewhere. It is not a Tolstoian pacifist movement the sense of complete opposition to all violence. It is not e religious impulse of Christian pacifism. It is the indidualism of a traditionally free people, expressed primarily an anarchist outlook.

In the past twenty-five years over 1,200 boys of nineen, the age for training, have gone to prison rather than ake military service. Thirty to forty go every year for e usual ten months' sentence in the special prison at Scheeningen, after which they are dishonorably discharged rom the army with no further demand upon them. About wenty-five to thirty are in prison all the time, grouped toether in a section where they are treated a little better than he other prisoners, for they are not regarded by the govrnment as criminals. The inspector in charge of prisons, vhom I interviewed at the Hague, who politely refused ne permission to see the men without an official request rom the American Ambassador, regarded them with a mixure of amusement and irritation. He thought their ideas ueer, romantic, "impractical," and their attitude insolent. When he had last visited them and had spoken a word of greeting they had all refused to respond or get up. It reminded me of General Pershing's complaint when he visited he conscientious objectors' barracks at Fort Douglas, Utah, and every man remained seated and silent. Pershing turned on the Colonel, "Why don't these soldiers rise?" "If you want them to rise, General, you'll have to pull them up yourself," replied the long-suffering Colonel.

I went to the prison, located out in the dunes beyond the town, with the keepers' cottages ranged along the street, neat, trim, gay with flowers, like all Dutch homes. It was far less austere than most prisons, cleaner, friendlier. The warden was an intelligent, courteous, business-like man who regarded the men without prejudice. He explained that in recent years they had been moved from the general prison for mental and tubercular cases to a special section where they saw no other prisoners, and where they got outdoor garden work in summer and indoor handwork in winter. As the conscientious objectors feel their captivity as injustice and the guards cannot understand the mentality of this kind of prisoners, conflicts often arise.

These boys are united only in their opposition to military training. Otherwise they are as varied in their philosophies as our own objectors during the war, with a majority of Anarchists. But even the Anarchists are split into sects. There are the few Tolstoian Anarchists, complete non-resistants, the Anarchist-Communists, more numerous, and individualist Anarchists. The religious objectors, who were a majority of the boys in the earlier days of the movement thirty years ago, are Protestant, chiefly Baptists, which in Holland is a non-resistant sect. The Communists in Holland as elsewhere take military service on the ground that training in arms can be turned to class advantage later. The Socialists also advise their members to take service, though rather from patriotic than class motives. Yet a few Socialist boys have not heeded party counsels and have gone to prison.

I judge that the attitude of them all is well summed up in one of the best short speeches I ever heard, delivered by one of the boys to the military court which tried him. Asked whether he had anything to say, he rose and uttered just three words: "Ik verdom het" (I damn your whole system).

The background of this spirit is to be found in the character of Dutch life, which is intensely sectarian and individualistic. That trait is especially strong among the Friesians, a seafaring and farming people in the north who have kept their own language and customs and were never really subdued, even by the Spanish. An examination of the list of objectors who have gone to prison in the last twenty-five years shows a large majority of Friesians. The Saxon northeast has contributed a large number. Most of the boys come from working-class homes in the small towns and country districts. They are so poor that the loss of the boys' earnings necessitated raising a fund to pay to their families the same amount they would have earned as soldiers. Over $40,000 has been contributed to that fund in the past ten years. It is raised jointly by the four or five groups most affected, in very small amounts from the few thousands of members and many sympathizers outside.

A strong personal influence also enters into the unusual growth of resistance to military service in Holland—the leadership of the Rev. Domela Nieuwenhuis, active first in the eighties as a pacifist minister, later as a Socialist, and, finally, from 1900 to his death in 1919 as an Anarchist.

As you talk with representatives of the groups of resisters you discover that the groups and sects have almost no contact except through the fund for the relief of the boys' families. I found that the several representatives of different groups in Amsterdam, well known in the war-resisters and pacifist movements outside Holland, did not know one another at all or very slightly. Those who do, in many cases know each other only to wrangle over their philosophies. But the movement is weak outside Holland and would not exist but for the inspiration of the Dutch members. Even the organized Dutch movement is now weaker than it was during and just after the war. Not that Holland is more militaristic, but fighting against militarism is more hopeless in the Europe of today, with nationalism stronger and the class struggle sharper. The Dutch press hardly mentions the resisters now. Pacifism has no such middle-class hold as it has in the United States, with greater access to the news than a movement essentially working-class—and worse, anarchist.

The Dutch resisters would be even more numerous if the military service act were more thorough. It takes only every other son in a family. The eldest goes; the next gets off. Alternative civil service is allowed to some of those objecting to military service, although not for the Anarchists, but it lasts a year and a half instead of the six months in barracks. Those who object to both get a court martial

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and ten months. In the early days they were repeatedly sentenced for their repeated refusals, but the impossibility of breaking their resistance brought the government around to the custom of almost invariable ten-month sentences.

Men who refuse to register at the Town Halls when they arrive at the age of service are liable to court martial and prison. Many have been sentenced for that, others have been ignored, the local authorities evidently preferring not to raise the issue where sincere religious convictions are involved. I met one young chap, a school-teacher in Amsterdam, who had never registered and had never been molested. The authorities were aware of it, and even let him hold his public-school job, though they keep an unusually strict eye on his teaching. His chief inconvenience, he says, is that he cannot get a passport to travel.

Contact with the men in this movement, of whatever group, gives one the sense of an upstanding independence, not of a traditional and obstinate resistance, which I met unhappily too often among American objectors, most of whom belonged to sects whose authority was their supreme law. There is little of the spirit of dependence on a creed or a personality among these Dutch. Each one of them seems to do his own thinking, even within the small groups, which are lively with argument and differences. This is said, however, to be a Dutch characteristic not confined to any section of the people. It is in refreshing contrast to the conformity and crowd behavior of the United States—and other intellectually regulated countries.

The spirit in Holland is also shown in the resistance to compulsory voting. Ten thousand are fined every year for refusal to vote, more than in any country in Europe with such a law. Of course thousands are fined as elsewhere for failure or negligence. But more stand up in court and say they do not believe in voting; others do not believe in being compelled to vote. I was told that even conservative Christian women in considerable numbers had taken that stand, basing it on St. Paul. One anarchist woman who refused was sent to prison for three days, with her three-months-old baby, too.

Perhaps this movement in Holland promises nothing "practical." Perhaps it will not abolish compulsory training or go far on the road against war. But it has bred and is breeding a fine type of manhood. It is keeping alive in one corner of the world that spirit of self-reliance, of independence, of resistance to authority and of union with the workers through which alone any real liberty can be won.

Contributors to This Issue

UPTON SINCLAIR'S latest novel, "Oil!," has been banned by the Boston censors.

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